

CULTURE

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— LUNATIC —

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THE DAILY

SINCE 1911

Letters

James Downar, please come down to the *Daily* to shorten your letter.

Events

Thursday, Oct. 31

- Hillel holds lunch-time discussion: "Death and the Afterlife: A Jewish Lunch" from 13h-14h in the Shatner Building room 425/426. The first 25 people will receive a free bagel lunch. Info: Melissa at 845-9171.

Friday, Nov. 1

- The Yellow Door (3625 Aylmer) holds an evening of folk music featuring James Dowler Gow, with Celia Fuentes as the opening act. Doors open at 20h, admission \$3. Open stage to follow.

- McGill Black Students' Network presents "The case of Mumia Abu-Jamal, Visible Minorities and Police Brutality" in the Shatner Building cafeteria. The video *From Death Row: Mumia Abu-Jamal* will be shown at 18h30, followed by a presentation and discussion by guest speakers Lydia Wallace, Abdul Jon, Ellen Gabriel and Yves Manseau. Suggested donation \$3.

Sunday, Nov. 3

- McGill Symphony Orchestra and Montréal Symphony Orchestra Gala Concert perform at Place des Arts at 17h. Tickets are between \$15-\$45.

Monday, Nov. 4

- Hillel Jewish Student Center sponsors a memorial service commemorating Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, 13h in front of Shatner. In case of rain, the ceremony will be held in room 107/108. For more info call Luni at 845-9171.

Wednesday, Nov.

- SACOMSS in conjunction with the McGill women's Union, will be holding an OUTREACH for its volunteers and any others intersted on Wednesday, November 6 at 5:30h in room B-09 Shatner. For more info, call 398-2700 or 398-6823.

Ongoing

- Submit to the Red Herring! Contests are: horrible haiku, the escape contest, and the strange days contest. Prizes! Submissions can be dropped off at room 303 Shatner Building or in mailbox #12, or call 398-MUCK until Nov. 7.

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Tues. Nov. 5 1996

4:00 PM

Shatner Building

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Hyde Park

PGSS TAKES ACTION

McGill must clarify its academic, social and financial identity. Because of our current lack of policies, decision-making bodies have been left to make crucial decisions without clear boundaries to guide them. Privatisation, sharing of resources and definitions of excellence are three issues on which the McGill community must establish a position.

First, the trend is to accept that government funding will dwindle. Accordingly, the McGill of the future is envisioned as an institution more dependent on funds from students, donors and alumni, and less dependent on government funds. However, the community has yet to make up its mind on privatisation. Do we agree with funding from industry? Would there be strings attached? Would curiosity-driven research be af-

fected? Currently, private programmes are being ratified in Senate in an *ad hoc* manner. Consequently, McGill is slowly, quietly and *unconsciously* becoming a private institution.

Second, McGill must decide whether it wants to share resources with other Montréal universities. Proposals coming to Senate for approval often contain goals such as "consolidation of courses between campuses." However, McGill has no formal position on the values implicit in such proposals. What are the implications of shared resources? What will we share? Under what conditions will we pick up our toys and go home?

Finally, we must define excellence. We are told that priority for funding will be given to "excellent" programmes. Is excellence defined in terms of teaching? Research productivity? Fame? Financial feasibility?

Resistance to the development of a policy takes many forms, from "sounds great, but we don't have time," to why bother, it's a waste of time." We are pleased to inform those who don't have time for policy-making that the research on these issues is already being done and logical arguments are being drawn up. The Post-Graduate Students' Society is organising the Future Visions Conference on November 29. The goal of this conference is to bring together graduate students, academics and administrators to discuss the changing face of our university. The morning will be devoted to the presentation of papers. In the afternoon, a panel consisting of Principal Shapiro, Dean (Graduate Studies) Belanger, two professors and four presenters will discuss the issue under the direction of a moderator. Questions from the

floor will also be discussed. The conference will be open to graduate students, professors and their guests. Members of the President's Council, the SSMU Executive and the Senate will be invited personally.

Graduate students wishing to submit a paper, please note the following criteria: (1) written by a graduate student; (2) relating to the future of McGill; (3) scholarly paper (researched and referenced); (4) contain constructive suggestions / criticisms; (5) preference will be given to papers of general interest. The deadline for submissions is November 15. Send an abstract and the paper to Future Visions Conference, Thomson House, 3650 McTavish, to the attention of Vice-President University Affairs.

Anna Kruzynski
VP University Affairs
Post-Graduate Students'
Society

NEWBIES KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Cartoons that go against the grain

by iranayman

You know, no matter how often critics say it isn't so, most people still think that comic books began and ended with costumed heroes, their capes, their secret identities, their perfect existential angst. In response, comic books tried to upgrade their image by

calling themselves "graphic stories," "graphic novels" and a plethora of other terms which took them away from their origins, but didn't fool anybody. If it's got pictures, it can't be for adults.

Like many independent comic books, *Newbies eclectic*, a

McGill-based publication, hopes to show people that comics can aspire to more than mindless mayhem.

"It's a good way for people who are not really interested in comics in general" to see something different, explains editor Jordan Raphael, "and say, 'Oh, I didn't know comics were like this.'"

Issue five, which will be out by the second week in November, features the work of seven different artists. The style ranges from highly detailed, nicely inked graphics to the kind of scratchy, sketchy stuff Linda Barry has made popular. Some of the stories are personal dramas, others contain broad comedy. As with any anthology, no reader is likely to enjoy every contribution, but, as Raphael points out, if you like two or three of the stories, the comic can be considered a success.

Newbies eclectic, which comes out twice a year, is produced by The Graphic Cartel, a group of about 20 McGill students, 12 of whom are "hard core."

"We also have jams where we get together and do comics and hang out sometimes," elaborates Raphael, a fourth year Cultural Studies and Math student and

writer for *The Comics Journal*. "It's a good way for people who are into comics at McGill to get together to do them."

The comic started two and a half years ago when Raphael collected the names of people interested in doing cartoons and comics from the *Tribune* and the *Daily*. "The lack of respect by both [newspapers] was so appalling," Raphael explains, that the students felt they had to start their own publication to get their work out to the public.

The *Tribune*, which Raphael characterises as "conservative," wouldn't accept anything from somebody who wasn't "some amazing technical artist or who isn't doing really political stuff." At the *Daily*, on the other hand, "we had a cartoon, and we went in — they didn't run it for five weeks. So, we went in [and found that] our art had been jammed behind a filing cabinet against a wall."

Raphael thought this was a shame. "University papers are supposed to fuck shit up," he claims, "Do whatever you want... put crazy cartoons in.... In the '60s, it's where the movement got started. Gilbert Shelton [*Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, *The Adventures of Fat Freddy's Cat*] started at the University of

Texas." He might have also cited political cartoonist Ron Cobb or Doonesbury's Gary Trudeau, both of whom started in the student press.

Newbies eclectic is distributed free. In order to pay for it, the Cartel holds bake sales, gets a little money from SSMU and carries some advertising. "Advertising sucks..." Raphael laments, "I don't like to have my publication sullied by ads." On the other hand, he finds it difficult living with financial uncertainty: "It's very difficult for us, from year to year, because we're never sure if we're going to have enough money. It's always a big surprise to us when we do."

Any McGill students interested in comics are welcome to contribute to *Newbies eclectic*. "It's pretty varied in terms of subject matter and style," Raphael advises would-be contributors. "The thing I don't like is conventional styles. I'd rather have somebody come to me with a piece of paper they'd sneezed on than a superhero story."

If this sounds like something you could do, drop some material in *Newbies eclectic's* mailbox (near the SSMU desk), or e-mail Raphael at POPA0012@popo-box.mcgill.ca.



BLUES EXPLOSION!

Judah Bauer works it on out

by jaymccoy

So there I am, thinking to myself, fuck, what do you ask a band who have become ubiquitous media darlings since their last album, *Orange?* (Even *Entertainment Weekly* has devoted space within the last few months.) There are so many interviewers that ask a bunch of stupid questions that are either meant to insult or suck up. Either that or they don't even bother to take the time to think up at least one interesting question. (Hello, Mr. Yurkiw, are you listening?)

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion. The Blues Explosion. The name and sound have been reverberating in the club known as indie-land for some time now, and the release of the gritty new *Now I Got Worry* has pushed those echoes beyond the world of music reviewers and the self-styled elite. So, the obvious question: Has all of this attention fazed the Blues Explosion?

Judah Bauer, Blues Explosion guitarist, bandmate to frontman Jon Spencer and drummer Russell Simmins, and voice on the other end of the line answers:

"I want to do interviews and be on a major label and sell records. I work for it... We've always done what we wanted, no matter what people thought, you know. We just played the music that we wanted — that's how the record was done — and we try to put on a good show and to work as hard as we can, but we're playing for more people now."

Working hard seems to be the Judah's refrain, a refrain that describes the ethic of the Blues Explosion. Gearing up for a North American tour that will be done in true punk rock style — in a van, without tour support or advances — the bassless New York trio want to get to the spirit of the blues and bring it back to their audience.

This follows a recent short tour with blues icon R.L. Burnside which was, Judah describes, "just a warm up for the real tour, which is America. You can't hold back in America, man, they're a hard crowd to please... They know first-hand about the blues and rock and roll — it's not such an anomaly."

When I ask about the recent "roots" revival, that has shown musicians and consumers alike rediscovering the sources of blues, country and rockabilly, Judah shows his passion for the blues.

"People are probably filled up with the other stuff, and now they're going on to something else... It's totally amazing how many times you can go back to that source. I find that so much more interesting. Like in music, bands who go back to that source of early blues and rock n' roll and early American and black history and come back with it. The blues is a deep tradition that goes back to another country and another time. It's a real experience, closest to the blood and guts — who we are, not any type of mental trip, like maybe Europeans get into."

The work ethic shows up again with the material on *Now I Got Worry*. There is an obvious effort to explore different textures of blues and rock n' roll. This isn't necessarily a new thing — all of the bands that Spencer has taken part in (Pussy Galore, The Honeymoon Killers and, more recently, Boss Hog) have persistently combined and deconstructed musical genres. The guest appearance of such varied artists as R&B artist Rufus Thomas and keyboardist Money Mark (known for his work with the Beastie Boys), or the collaboration with the Dub Narcotic Sound System, speak volumes about the diversity of sounds on the album.

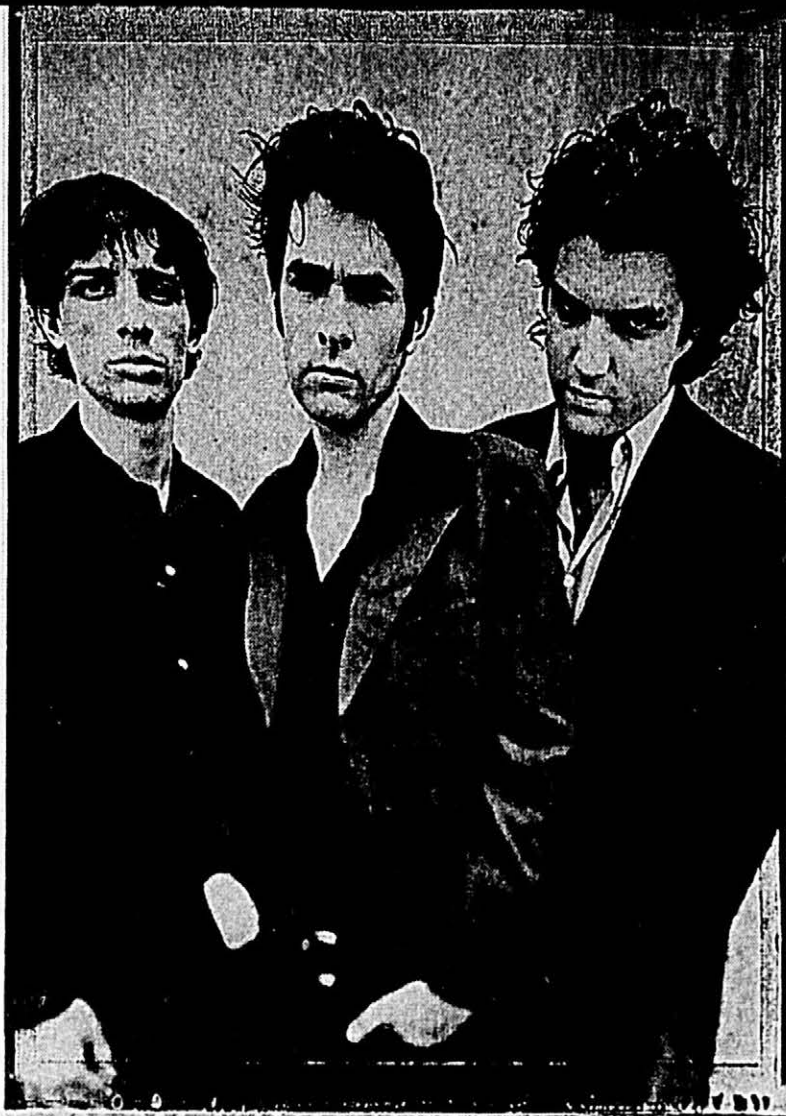
The grittier feel of *Now I Got Worry* is not premeditated: it comes from the surroundings in which the Blues Explosion find themselves.

Orange had many more hip hop and Stax/Volt (a legendary R&B label) overtones, Judah explains, because "that's what we were listening to at the time," whereas the strong influence from R.L. Burnside is distinct in the new material. "Playing with R.L. reminded me how great raw music is," notes Judah.

Notably, there is an absence of the narcissistic reference that veered out of control on *Orange* ("Blues, the Explosion" was the leitmotiv for the album). I ask if some people are missing the irony.

"The Blues Explosion has filled up this personality, and I hope it finds a new personality. I can only speak for myself, but it's hard to keep moving, we're feeling at times... Yeah, some people missed the irony and think we're fuckin' assholes or something, but Jon likes to put on a good show. Lots of R&B bands do the same thing. It's part of the tradition. But it's tiring [for us] by now. People miss the humour. That's why people should see our show: we make more sense live."

Despite all of the buzz, the live show is likely the main reason why people will go out to see Judah, Russel and Jon. This is a band that has built up credibility through consistently recording great stuff and then outperforming themselves live. Their stage intensity is a fusion of punk rock energy and rock n'



roll showmanship that they have described as exhausting.

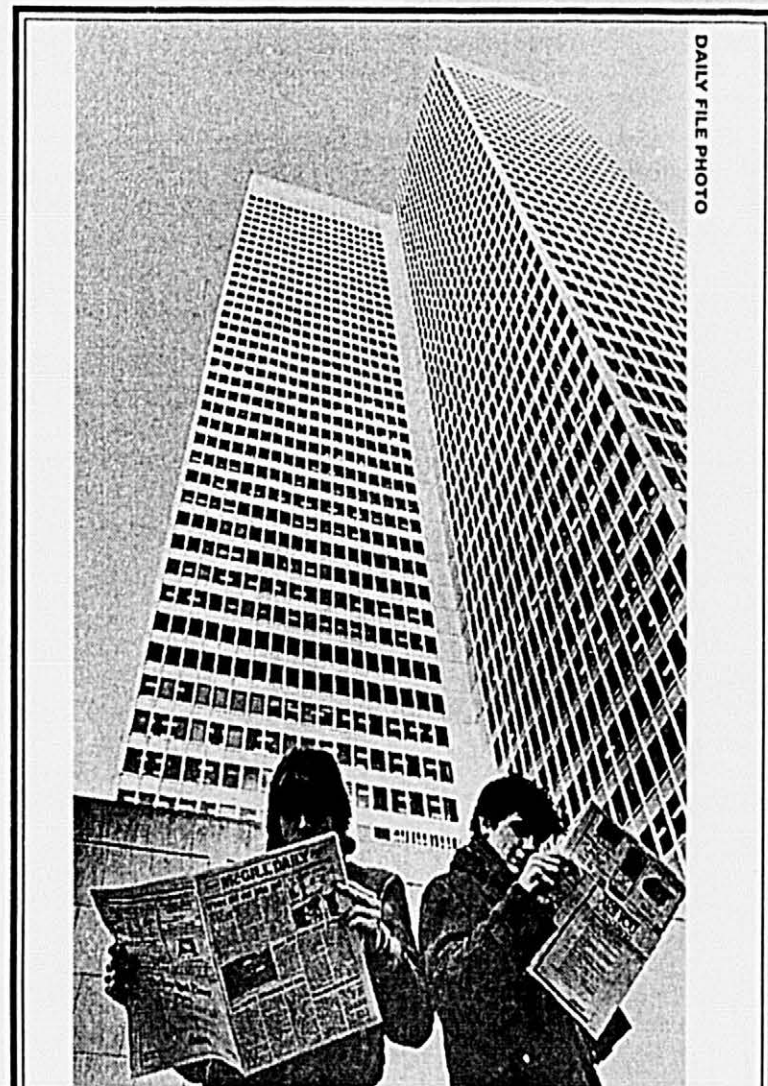
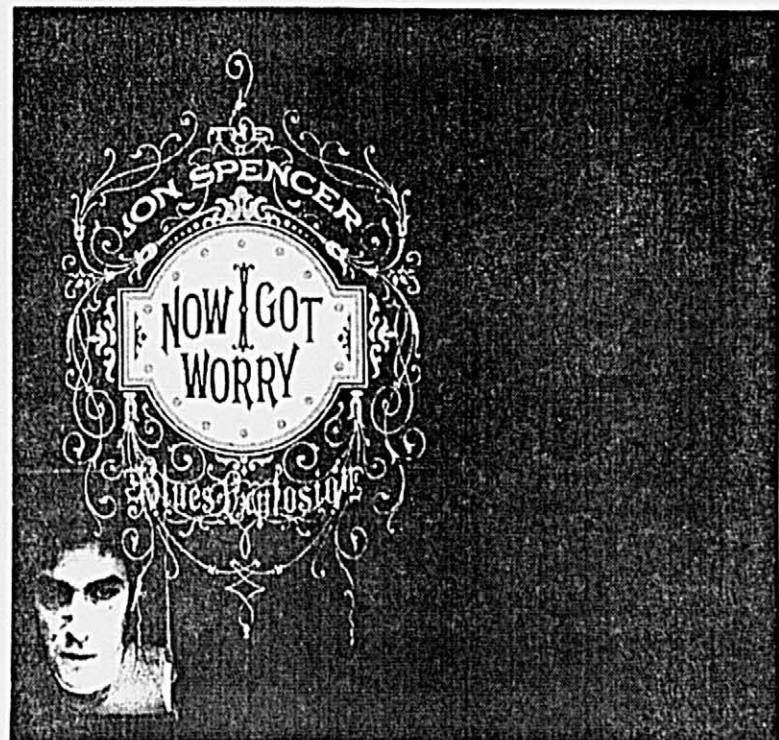
"Being good takes focusing all of your energy, it's like selling your soul to the devil, give it all up for it. Jon is good at that, he's someone who gives it all up for his music."

The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion plays the Cabaret (2111 St. Laurent), with openers Speedball

Baby (Judah-recommended), on Friday, November 1.

discography:

Crypt Style (Crypt, 1992)
Extra Width (Matador, 1993)
Mo' Width (Au-Go-Go, 1994)
Orange (Matador, 1994)
Experimental Remixes EP (Matador, 1995)
Now I Got Worry (Matador, 1996)



Attention: News writers and soon-to-be news writers!

Meeting next Monday, November 4. Everyone welcome. Come to the Thomson House, 3650 McTavish. Ask for the blue room.

MISSING: film art

Cinemanía shows a mixed bag of francophone films both anglophone and francophone audiences can enjoy

by julienlapointe

Generally, French-English language barriers limit French and Québec films to exclusively francophone audiences. Fortunately, the *Cinemanía* festival, beginning November 4, offers the happy occasion to any non-French speaker to see French films with English subtitles. The festival represents somewhat of a mixed bag of Francophone films, ranging from low-budget *auteur* projects to large-scale studio productions.

This variety is intended to give to anglophones a very broad view of contemporary Francophone cinema, and, as shown with this year's selection of films, it does so quite well. But on the other hand, the festival's refusal to delve into any specific area of film unfortunately limits its depth of perspective. We are given a superficial look at French and Québec cinema; one interesting for amateurs, but not profoundly informative on the whole.

So there is the small budget non-commercial feature *To Have Some Or Not* (*En avoir ou pas*), being shown Saturday, November 9 at 4:30 PM, followed by the more mainstream historical epic *The Horseman on the Roof* (*Le hussard sur le toit*). The latter studio picture is not exactly the type of "cinema" one expects to find at a festival. *To Have Some Or Not*, on the other hand, is a sensitive, intimate study of two unhappy French youths who attempt with great difficulty to connect emotionally, and is worth commenting.

What makes *To Have Some Or Not* so remarkable is that the director Laetitia Masson doesn't attempt to construct her drama in any conventional way. The plot is somewhat meandering, the directorial style oddly detached and not harmonious in its low-key handling of the movie's emotionalism. Yet this somewhat amorphous narrative and cinematic structure expresses the lightweight grace of life itself.

To Have Some Or Not moves along disenchantingly at an unhurried pace, yet remains nevertheless accurate in its rendering of confused, often ambiguous emotions. Its ironic, off-beat rhythm is lyrical and this artistry underscores the somewhat pessimistic nature of the themes. There is a simplicity and honesty of feeling here seldom seen in modern films, brought through

with a delicately poetic tone. The result is truly masterful, and unself-consciously so.

To Have Some Or Not would fit remarkably well in the context of a festival more particularly centered on the works of upcoming, young French film makers (this is Masson's debut feature). As such, Masson's picture, shown prior to *The Horseman on the Roof*, is without any sense of belonging. One can see it and appreciate it, but without the contextual understanding more rigorously defined festivals allow for.

It seems unfair that pictures such as *To Have Some Or Not*, or *Pigalle*, *Shambles* and *The Good Old Days* (*Le péril jeune*) should be shown side by side with purely entertainment movies of the variety of *The Guardian Angels* (from the makers of the execrable box-office hit *Les visiteurs*) or *Hang On In There* (*Pourvu que ça dure*).

The latter is an amusing but pointless romantic comedy

norms of conventional entertainment, without ever going beyond the limited framework of its genre. This movie is an extended cliché, agreeably well-made, but without dramatic intent, purpose, or any sense of film artistry at that.

Which brings me to an important question: why organise a festival honouring French and Québec cinema — intended to broaden the minds of the anglophone, pro-Hollywood spectators — if one is to show commercial films which may possibly distract audiences from the more meritorious works? The reason seems to be that this festival is intended to have "something for everyone"; meaning the "everyone" will limit themselves to the particular "something" which corresponds to their group's single-minded interests.

Last year's showing of the AIDS/bisexual drama *Savage Nights* (*Les nuits fauves*) attracted an almost exclusively gay audi-



about a middle-aged policeman who falls madly in love with, and seduces, a beautiful, upper-middle class young lady (played by the stunning Emmanuelle Seigner, incidentally Roman Polanski's wife). The film is a fairy tale/sex fantasy for older men: the protagonist is a stereotypical ordinary guy who's missed out on life, but gets a second chance at happiness by going to bed with a sexy lady (there's the implicit notion that that's all women are good for — this film has certain subtexts which I find less "amusing").

Hang On In There isn't exactly a dumb movie, like most Hollywood pictures, but it left me cold. Mannered, it has been made to fit the standards and

ence, and it's a pity almost no one else considered seeing the film. The problem is that audiences are being given the opportunity to stay on the safe side of conventional entertainment. I fearfully suspect few of them, coming out of a picture such as *Les visiteurs*, will even care to cross the line to the more challenging, artistically innovative domain of true film art.

The 2nd annual *Cinemanía* film festival will be playing from November 4 to November 10 at the Montréal Museum of Fine Arts' Maxwell Cummings Auditorium. *To Have Some Or Not* will be shown November 9 at 4:30 pm. *Hang On In There* will be shown November 10 at 2 pm.

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HUMANITARIAN AND PHYSICIAN
The Founder of
Doctors without Borders

Monday
November 4, 1996
6:00 p.m.

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SHUTTING DOWN THE C

Text & photos by andreamason, marknarron & soniaverma

We had just arrived from Montréal after a long drive in our rented purple protest mobile, and all was quiet on the front. It was the eve of what was expected to be the most ambitious protest in Canadian history.

The Toronto Days of Action were intended to beat Ontario Premier Mike Harris at his own game. Fast and furious cuts to social spending have left communities reeling and struggling to counteract a blitzkrieg on social programmes according to Metro Day organisers.

"There have been so many cuts to so many areas that we've lost our footing, and there hasn't been a focused, effective protest movement," said Frank Wilder, who was gearing up for the next day's rally. "This is where we draw

our line in the sand."

Days of Action organisers reasoned that the only way to counteract Harris' sweeping assault on social programs was with an equally all-encompassing show of solidarity among unions, students, women's groups, and anti-poverty coalitions.

The groups are united against \$9 billion in projected provincial spending cuts which will result

its of \$1.27 billion and the provincial Conservative government declaration that Ontario is now open for business.

The night of our arrival, we decided to investigate the makeshift encampment of tents in Queen's Park, set up in preparation for the descent of thousands of militant, hard-line, banner-waving revolutionaries upon Mike Harris' peaceful, corporate kingdom.

A magic marker billboard outside the camp read, "Welcome to Harrisville, Population: Growing." And after wandering aimlessly among the half-asleep legion of

I'm the vanguard of the proletariat and we're going to storm the Citadel.

**Billy Bragg
British folk singer**

in irrevocable damage to health care, education, welfare and the gutting of environmental regulations. Harris' cuts to social services coincide with a 30% tax cut, banks boasting record prof-

leftist soldiers, our bleary eyes lit upon the steamy soup cauldrons in the Homefront tent. The tent provided food and shelter for supporters of the protest. The nighttime vigil was to mark the death of affordable housing in Ontario.

Harris and his Tory lackeys are planning to repeal tenant protection legislation, deregulating rent for the first time since 1975.

Inside the tent, an almost pre-military attack atmosphere of anticipation and uncertainty prevailed. At around 2:30 am, conversation with Homefront tenants-rights activists about Harris' policies and their detrimental effects degenerated into analyses of the burning velocities of American versus Canadian cigarettes. It was time to go to sleep.

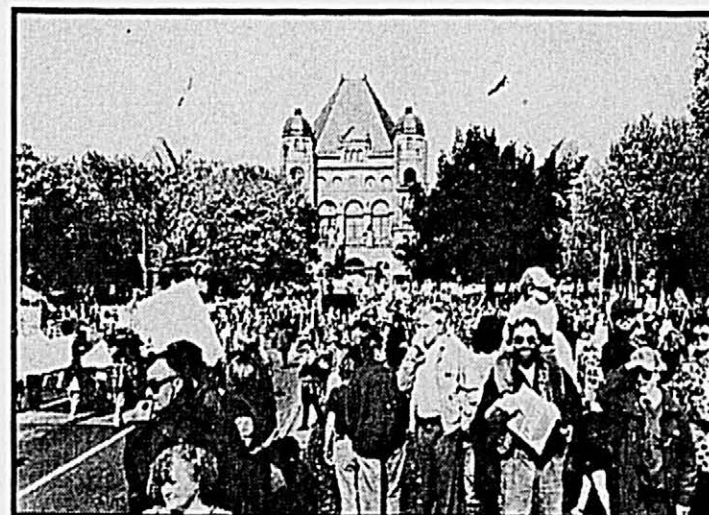
Traipsing along the dark autumn streets, we passed by the fresh stacks of the day's papers and made the mistake of purchasing one.

The *Toronto Sun*, in all its right-wing editorial wisdom forecasted that: "these would be the darkest days in Toronto's history." Other headlines evoked equally apocalyptic prophecies of union goons running rampant, urged on in their anarchy by university Trotskyites.

According to Ontarians for Responsible Government, a right-wing lobby group, common people were being held under siege, and the city was being hijacked by power-zealous labour leaders. At least that's what their pricey downtown Toronto billboard proclaimed.

But, in fact, a recent survey by the Environics research company found that a majority of Canadians supported the aims of the cross-province demos, according to pollster Jane

By 10:00 am, we had dragged our journalistic entourage to the foot of the Ontario legislature where, with the exception of a bearded protester in favor of increasing the Canadian military



Armstrong.

And while the pre-protest media hype indulged Bay Street bigwigs' bellyaching about "roughing it" at the Royal York Hotel for the night, Days of Action organisers pointed out the permanent setbacks in the quality of life for ordinary Ontarians resulting from Harris' slash and burn policies.

"This is a very temporary inconvenience, as opposed to the inconvenience that Mike Harris is putting on a lot of people that will last a lifetime," commented Buzz Hargrove, President of the Canadian Auto Workers Union

and eliminating provincial borders, the lawn was populated exclusively by the impatient media.

We ventured on to the Robarts Library, at the University of Toronto, where pickets blocked entry into the building as part of the Canadian Federation of Students' initiative to close the university. Some students, unsympathetic to the shut-down, bullied their way in to use the facilities.

"There shouldn't be a protest. I'm here to do some work and I don't enjoy being harassed by assholes such as the people over

I'm sure Mr. Harris is sitting in the conference centre with an inflated fucking head and if he thinks this is for him, he's quite mistaken.

**Kevin Mark Asselstine
Mohawk Nation**

(CAW) "A lot of these cuts are so harmful to single mothers on welfare, they're so harmful that children go hungry, that kids can't get an education, people can't get proper housing - these are the real inconveniences that we as a society have to step up and to address."

Chasing the storm

Beginning at 6:00 am the next day, strategically placed picket lines across the city blocked entrances to universities, the Toronto Transit Commission, Ontario Hydro and various other government offices.

there. Education is something you have to pay for. You have to make sacrifices," said a disenchanted student who declined to give his name.

But Chantal Susdaram, a University of Toronto graduate student, cited cuts to equity offices, increasingly inaccessible education and a narrowing of program diversity as justification for the symbolic blockade. "We know Harris isn't going to sit down at the table with us of his own volition and so we have to create a social pressure which they can't ignore," commented Susdaram.



Three Dailyites take Toronto

We spent the rest of the day trailing the various cross-city demonstrations, many of which occurred simultaneously. We used dazed police in rank and file, discarded placards, disoriented protesters and stray members of the International Socialist Party as our guides.

At the Toronto Stock Exchange, members of the Labour Council of Metro Toronto and York Region peacefully occupied the lobby to highlight the connection between corporate coffers and Harris' support base.

the last ten years."

From the TSE, we forged onward to the Ministry of Education, where a crowd of 10 000 students, teachers and supporters had gathered to denounce the Conservative government's relentless assault on the education sector. Speeches, raps and songs expressed anger and concern. One speaker from the University of Waterloo presented Mike Harris with a dishonourary degree for "his ceaseless efforts to make Ontario stupid." And Jesse, an elemen-

In the eye of the hurricane

On Saturday, the Days of Action culminated with the biggest demonstration in Canadian history outside the Provincial Legislature. According to Linda Torney and Margaret Hancock, the Metro Day organisers, the afternoon crowd exceeded 250 000 people. An endless sea of marchers made their way from the CNE grounds up University Avenue and assembled in Queen's Park to hear a series of speakers and entertainers.

Describing the procession, folk singer Bruce Cockburn, who was on hand to perform at the rally said, "It was like something out of the Bible."

After negotiating the vigilantes who guarded the entrance in their bright pink hats, we found ourselves backstage among the who's who in Canadian activism such as the President of the National Action Committee on the status of women, Joan Grant-Cummings; long time activist and author June Callwood; and Head of the Chiefs of Ontario, Gordon Peters. British socialist performer, Billy Bragg, topped the musical bill which also included Bruce Cockburn, Bass is Base, and Punjabi By Nature.

The message expressed by the protesters to Harris was unmistakable.

McDonough maintained that the "most important message is that people are going to fight for their kids, their communities and their country because we want some more fairness and decency and that means we keep our health care and our education programs and we improve them, we don't tear them apart."

Others suggested more direct retaliation: "We ought to take Mr. Harris and throw him in the street with a dented can of tuna and let him taste what the rest of Ontario is tasting," asserted Kevin Mark Asselstine, from the Mohawk Nation.

"I see violence as a possibility with this government," threatened Peters. "The Harris government has to update itself on aboriginal issues before we're forced to take actions that we don't want to take."

Harris' drastic times call for drastic measures and for all sec-

tors involved this means a re-drawing of the battle lines. The rally represented a blueprint for future unification in fighting government initiated cutbacks

Days of Action, Harris insisted that the provincial government intends to proceed full steam ahead with further cuts.

"We are doing what we said

I'd be surprised if Harris thinks at all. I think he's got a little cadre of advertising folks who do his thinking for him.

Bruce Cockburn
Canadian musician and activist

"Bay Street has been writing the tunes for Mike Harris and our message is that you better change the tune," said Bill Howes, President of the Labour Council. "The way to get a message to Bay Street is to affect the

tary school student, articulated his fear of having to pay off his future student loan by flipping burgers at McDonald's.

It was here that one of our cohorts was swallowed by the crowd and pitched to the pho-



bottom line - there will be a little blip on the TSE today and financial ripples across the board," he continued.

Bob White, President of the Canadian Labour Congress, warned that Harris' policies attempting to woo investment to the city may backfire because, "for sound investment you need good labour relations." He continued, "the Harris policies of exclusion are going to work to their detriment as well. There has been more lost time as a result of job action in Ontario in the last year than we've had in

tographers' area in front of the speakers. Our remaining two-some snuck into the restricted press gallery where they tugged sleeves and strong-armed speakers into interviews.

Judy Darcy, President of the Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) commented, "There's no public accountability or control. What this day represents is what's happening in communities across the province where people who have never worked together, spoken together or picketed together are building alternative alliances."



to social services.

"We all understand that within our movement we have to deal with issues like racism, sexism, homophobia and ageism so that we can have a more cohesive movement in Ontario because we're not going to win if we're each pulling in different directions," commented Grant-Cummings.

Asselstine was in agreement, stating that "united we can do it. Separate, fighting, divided we're going to fall."

The bottom line

The crowd thinned, the stage was dismantled, the rest of the press swarmed Billy Bragg, and we gave our last cigarette to Bruce Cockburn.

For the thousands of demonstrators who made their way home in the waning afternoon sunlight, the question remained: What comes next? Union heads are planning to meet November 7 to discuss the next step, but as of yet, no consensus was reached.

Responding to the protest in an address to the 2 300 delegates, at the Tory convention which coincided with the

we would do. We will stay on course. We will not stop, not now, not a year from now."

Some declared that things will never go as far as the widely predicted province wide general strike. "People kid themselves if they think the mood of working people is to shut down the province and overthrow the government," said Hargrove.

Others see no other recourse because they have been left with no other alternative.

Asselstine warned, "We're getting to the point of civil rebellion. It's very close and if you don't think it is, Mr. Harris, you're very fucking disillusioned."



Benghazi Saxophone Quartet — Night Time Uptown (Justintime)

This new album by the Benghazi Sax Quartet Night Time Uptown reminds me of the first time I drank that novelty beverage Crystal Pepsi. At first, the 'gee whiz', factor arrested me as I was fascinated by the idea of drinking a clear Pepsi, a fresh new variation on the original. After a while though, the clear Pepsi started tasting a lot like the same old brown crap that Ray Charles peddled on T.V.

Much the same is true for the Benghazi Saxophone Quartet. At first listen, the sound of a soprano, baritone, alto and tenor sax playing alone in a quartet



with no rhythm section would seem like a great musical odyssey for saxophone fans like me. On further listening, however, I became more disenchanted. *Night Time Uptown* is not so much a jazz album as it is a Hollywood bus tour through jazz histories' greatest hits.

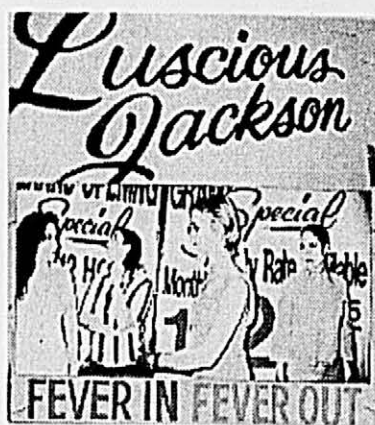
Most of the songs on the album chart the evolution of jazz, with classic standards like Miles Davis' "So What" and Duke Ellington's "Caravan." Unfortunately, though, there is almost no soloing in these songs, which is necessary if the tunes on the album are to go beyond the realm of the mediocre and do something that is musically fresh and interesting. Outside of their novelty value, the Benghazi Sax quartet does little to stretch the bounds of this music. Moreover, all the songs on the album are incredibly short - under four minutes - and leave little space for anything but the robotic playing of the melody and then it's *suivant*, on to the next tune.

Hopefully, this being Benghazi's first album, their next effort will show the musical maturity that this one sorely lacks. Anyone for a Crystal Pepsi? I'm not buying.

— gilshochat

Luscious Jackson - Fever In Fever Out (EMI)

Stealing the spotlight from Lollapalooza's mainstage acts catapulted the band into instant notoriety in 1993 making this release the litmus test. Many



bands wither in the intense spotlight as their sophomore efforts sometimes fall short of the original hype. Fortunately, Luscious Jackson sidesteps the scrutiny by producing a low key but solid follow up to their breakthrough.

Low key meaning that there are no chartbusting efforts in *Fever In Fever Out*, but the content should satisfy the band's ever expanding fan base. Rhythm is the forefront of the sound while guitars remain in the background with occasional licks. The bass and light percussion are soothing and lull you into a relaxing groove.

Lyrics you say? Funny, I can't seem to remember them. But as forgettable as they may be, the words flow with the rhythms so well that it's not an issue; Jill Cuniff and Gabrielle Glazer's vocals come over smooth - even R&B style at times.

"So I'll read the news / and I'll get the blues / and I'll make it matter / for a minute or two," as the final verses of the song *Stardust* go; Luscious Jackson soothes the soul for those brief moments of emotion that make it matter.

— mikecullen

Outkast — ATLiens (LaFace/BMG)

With this, their sophomore release, Atlanta's Big Boi and Dre, collectively known as Outkast, have kept their original formula, which rendered their first album, *southernplayalisticadillacmuzik*, a success — a rare southern hip hop classic.

Once again, the production team of Organized Noize have collaborated with Outkast, providing a touch similar to that of their debut, if not topping it. The beats are hard and groovy, laced with a perfect southern feel thanks to the use of funky guitars and pianos.

Since 1994, Outkast has captured the hearts, minds and ears of rap fans from all around North America and beyond, not catering to one particular area or coast, unlike other rappers (e.g. Black Moon, E-40, the Geto Boys) who appeal almost exclusively to the east, west and south. To a certain extent, Outkast personifies the Black struggle in the US. Coming from poverty-stricken neighborhoods in the south, the duo raps with heart communicating a history and an experience.

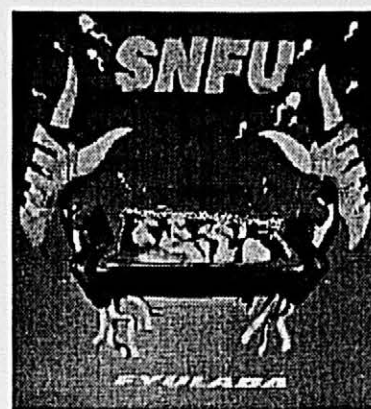
Unlike most southern rap acts, Outkast does not rely on extensive use of profanity to elucidate their view points. They avoid played-out tales about guns and hos, and their religious influence and appreciation for life and family is evident, especially on "13th Floor/Growing Old," which describes an experience common to anyone, from the homeless to the rich.

Along with their unique southern accents and their incredible production team, OUTKAST's rhyming capabilities and impressive delivery should one day deliver this southern duo into the hip hop hall of fame.

— michaelterzian

SNFU — FYULABA (Epitaph/Cargo)

Another triumph from those Edmontonian "tabloid-punk" rockers SNFU. Leaving Edmonton and relocating to Vancouver in 1991 and subsequently signing to Epitaph, SNFU have continued a career that dates back to 1984. Their seventh record, entitled



FYULABA (few lahlah), does contain subtle differences but all of you long-time admirers need not be alarmed. SNFU's patented sound is once again immortalized on record: shredding guitars, bouncing bass lines, and rat-ta-tat drumming to complement all those silly lyrics (e.g. "Had a vision of Michelle Pfeiffer / Wearing nothing but a diaper / Squatting over a Roman Candle / Dancing around in rhinestone sandals"). Rhyming schemes still seems as unimportant to the band as it did on their first album, *...And No One Else Wanted To Play*, released in 1984.

The new alterations are obvi-

ous to a keen observer by an examination of the title. The new seven letter album title is a break from the established method of a seven word title (no need to count the words on the previously mentioned title) used on all six of their previous releases. Although SNFU still continues to write songs dealing with social issues, such as bulimia and suicide, and pop culture icons, such as Eddie Vedder and Spaceghost, there is an emergence of nostalgia in their songwriting, which can only be attributed to maturity. Lyrics such as "I remember way back in the day / I used to somersault like Elfie Schlegel" will make any listener remember the blissful days on the monkey bars. Other notable additions include a ska-esque breakdown on "Bobbit" and vocal assistance from the likes of Bif Naked ("You Make Me Thick") and barnyard animals ("Don't Have a Cow"). Overall, though, the slight changes are negligible and the new album *FYULABA* is stamped with the usual SNFU seal of approval.

— jamesdavies

How do you know Tibet?

Film Festival deals with religion, refugees and the Dalai Lama

by noémitousignant

As a conscientious feminist, you may recall that a group of Tibetan women gagged themselves at the Beijing Women's conference. As a sensitive environmentalist, you may deplore the devastation of Tibet's delicately balanced ecosystem recently brought to the attention of Montreal's World Conservation Conference. As a human rights activist, you may be contesting the execution and imprisonment of Tibetan political prisoners through Amnesty International. Or you may know that over 6,000 temples and monasteries have been destroyed in Tibet, as well as much of the traditional architecture, a matter that was brought up at the International Habitat Conference in Cairo.

Or perhaps "Save Tibet" only appears periodically in your life in the form of a bumper-sticker. Perhaps "Tibet" only evokes the images of forbidding peaks, mountain yaks and abominable snowmen from *Tintin au Tibet*.

Ecological destruction, human rights violations, cultural genocide and denial of religious freedom... these and others are matters of concern which have been brought to international attention. Their cause, however,

has yet to be recognised by national governments as a problem which goes beyond internal conflict.

The Chinese occupation of Tibet cannot be officially recognised as an "occupation" unless Tibet is recognised as an independent territory. Bound by the profitability of trade agreements, the Canadian government, like many others, refuses to put any real pressures on China to open negotiations with the Tibetan government in exile, although many of its parliamentary members openly support Tibet as members of the Parliamentary Friends of Tibet. This kind of situation is mirrored in the United Nations, which was much more active in its support of Tibet until China became one of its most powerful members.

Support groups have been formed worldwide to increase both public and political awareness. The Canada Tibet Committee (CTC) is one such organisation, and its activities include networking with both governmental organisations and NGOs, participating in international forums, monitoring human rights violations in Tibet, as well as organising cultural events such as this weekend's

Tibetan Film Festival, to inform the Canadian public of the situation in Tibet. CTC also administers the World Tibet Network, which provides access to news which doesn't make it to the mainstream media, as well as providing discussion lists for support organisations.

View From the Roof of the World, the film festival, will be taking place this weekend at the NFB. The festival will mark the launching of the French version of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, narrated by Québécois personality Jacques Languirand, who will be present at Friday night's showing. The English version, narrated by Leonard Cohen, will be shown on Saturday night. The oldest film in the festival is an archival film of the 1930s that was recently restored, *Beyond The Forbidden Frontier*, which contains some of the earliest images of Tibet to be brought back to the West.

Closer to home is a film which provides a personalised local link by following two Montreal Tibetans on their journey to India to meet with recently arrived refugees. Many exiled Tibetans return to India and Nepal to connect with their roots in the exiled

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

WHO WEARS THE CROWN?

Basquiat: A celluloid mannequin

by nicholas**boston**

A recurring theme in the work of the artist, Jean-Michel Basquiat, is the crown. Little, jagged-edged, lopsided crowns abound in Basquiat's paintings, mostly without heads for them to rest on. Basquiat was preoccupied with this image, probably because in his own life, as the most publicized black male artist of the 1980s New York downtown art scene, it was never clear to him whether the crown he wore was made of gold or thorns.

The film *Basquiat*, directed by Julian Schnabel, attempts to dramatise the life of this American artist who died at the age of 27 from a heroin overdose in 1988. The film follows a basic chronology, beginning with Basquiat's distant relationship with his mother, who is institutionalised for mental illness, leading to his association with a number of high profile artists and socialites, most notably, Andy Warhol. Basquiat is seen as the little prince to Warhol's king of pop art. David Bowie gives an expert portrayal of the dizzy, geek-turned-freak style maven that was Warhol, and though the memory of Warhol himself takes up far too much space in the film, bullying Basquiat's persona off to the side, Bowie's caricature is something you want to see again and again. Basquiat himself, played by gifted newcomer, Jeffrey Wright, is a portrait of the artist as a drugged-out young man. This film could very well have been a long version of one of those anti-drug commercials on American television. "This is Basquiat's mind; this is Basquiat's mind on drugs."

True enough, the artist was addicted to a number of illegal substances, but the portrayal fails at drawing a specific connection between the abuse and his life. We speculate on whether drugs for Basquiat were a sign of insecurity or simply a sign of the times.

The appeals of the film are in its nostalgic elements, such as the soundtrack of '80s music, and simulated scenes from legendary New York nightspots such as the Mudd Club. The film's attempt to resurrect the generation are further heightened by the appearance of key figures of the era, such as Michael Chow, whose restaurant was a focal point of activity for those involved in the worlds of fashion and art. And yet, with all the attention paid to time and place, *Basquiat* still feels like a modern-day production.

The film maker, Julian Schnabel, as a veteran of the very same art establishment that

elevated Basquiat, has a presumed investment in bringing the late artist's story to the screen. In fact, one scene in the film, set in Schnabel's home, shows Schnabel giving advice and solace to a despairing Basquiat. But despite Schnabel's claim to intimate association with Basquiat, the film is miserly in its description of the artist's thoughts and desires. Basquiat's complex consciousness is only hinted at, and the fact of his open bisexuality is deliberately omitted. Schnabel seemed more

committed to addressing Basquiat as a product of the art scene than as a person in his own right.

Apart from recurring psychedelic imagery drawn from Basquiat's desire to escape New York for Hawaii, there is little to explain why this man chose to paint, to inscribe himself, first on the side of buildings, and then on the walls of the most exclusive galleries in Soho. The psychic transformations that this movement re-



quired of Basquiat are poorly managed by Schnabel's self-interested script. It is my intuition

that a film truly dedicated to memorialising Jean-Michel Basquiat has yet to be made.

Action-heroines

by king**breining**

Lunachicks get weekend pass to perform at les Foufs

If Barbie ever dumped Ken and married an American Gladiator, their grown daughters would probably look a lot like the Lunachicks. Except for the limb-covering tattoos, perhaps.

The Lunachicks are five ladies from Brooklyn who have been together for nine years, during which they've released three albums. They must be doing something right. Right? Right. For starters, they know how to grab attention. When they roamed on to the stage in their skimpy, plastified outfits, practically everyone's pupils dilated and for one split second, you could hear a repressed 'egad' float through the room.

But from there it was down to business; the girls pumped up the jam and the fans were wired. The performance consisted of a lot of groaning, numerous pelvic-thrusts, chit-chatting with the audience (What do you call a brazier in German? A *stoppenfallen!*), and, of course, some music to get those bodies moshing. They were loud, they were wild, and they were great.

True, it was impossible, because of all the noise to decipher any of the blunt and biting lyrics said to be the trademark of the band. Sure, nobody took

much heed of the fact that the 'Chicks actually had a knack for their respective instruments. Certainly, the quality of the singer's voice was completely ignored. The thing is, the Lunachicks are so awesome at putting on a show and are so visually stimulating, that one has a tendency to forget about the rest.

As for the opening bands, Men O' Steel had a lot of energy and a lot of sound, but little else. It seemed as though they were trying to hide their lack of talent and originality by jumping around excessively and cranking up the volume. It was not very appreciated by the audience, who were quite anal-retentive in the beginning. They loosened up considerably when Swingin' Utters came on. The Utters are five scary-looking creatures who seemed totally lost in their own little worlds, but strangely enough, it worked. Three guitars, a drum, and a top-notch voice make for good punk. Everything just flowed together and the music came out really nice and cool. Impressive, to say the least.

Although the future does not seem too rosy for the Men O' Steel, it looks promising for Swingin' Utters. As for the

Lunachicks, they will be putting out a new album in February and they'll probably

be around for as long as they can squeeze into their action-heroine gear.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

communities which have settled there. India is now also the home of the Tibetan government in exile.

In 1972, the Canadian government sponsored a group of 270 Tibetan refugees from India and Nepal. Although there are only about 80 in Montréal, they form a very close-knit community and most of them are very active in the support movement. Tibetans rely on these communities in exile to raise international awareness, as well as to preserve their culture and religion outside of Tibet, where its expression is not restricted. The Dalai Lama believes this can make a difference: "If there is more world opinion and expression, it can have an impact on the Chinese mind."

Some say Tibet is the most deeply religious nation in the world. Approximately one sixth of Tibetans become monks or nuns. Indeed, these films show that the religious element pervades all aspects of Tibetan life, from their approach to medicine in *Tibetan Medicine: A Buddhist Approach to Healing*, to their political strategy and philosophy of non-violence in *Satya: A Prayer for the Enemy*, a documentary on the resistance movement led by Buddhist nuns. Violence is more or less suicidal, claims the Dalai Lama, who greatly admires Gandhi for implementing the ideal of non-violence into resistance politics. The inspiring story of the fourteenth Dalai Lama is told in "Compassion in Exile".

"We cannot let the Dalai Lama fail," says the president of the Canada Tibet Committee,

"for we would be sending out the message that non-violence doesn't work."

All profits from the film festival will go towards funding the CTC's activities.

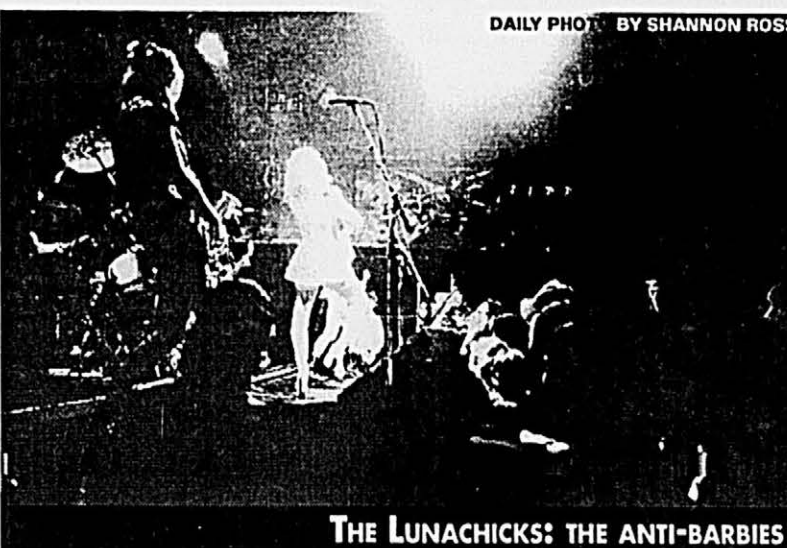
Another important concept in Buddhist philosophy is compassion. Although many Tibetans have found new homes in India and abroad, they remain active in their resistance on the behalf of the Tibetans who are being denied their fundamental rights. Their cause is not primarily political; it stems from their concern for the happiness of their people, which, for Tibetans, is inextricably linked to their religious and cultural freedom.

With patience and compassion, the Dalai Lama and his administration are still waiting for national governments to put human rights on the same level as economic policy, and for pressure to be put on the Chinese government to open negotiations.

The CTC is also organising a cultural bazaar in mid-November and a boycott of Chinese goods for December. For information about the film festival, contact Elaine Arshinoff at 489-0186 or the NFB at 496-6887. The Festival begins Friday and goes until Sunday.

Desperately seeking Amitov!

For those readers searching for the promised article on Amitov Ghosh, tune in next week, same time, same place.



THE LUNACHICKS: THE ANTI-BARBIES

Bringing it to the Surface

by alana wexler



bring their listeners a polished sound

Sapphires in the Mud's new CD, entitled ... *the Sighs of the Sky* is digging the group's way out of the hidden depths of Montréal to the surface of recognition. This five piece, McGill based group, complement their namesake with a smooth mixture of sounds and lyrical style.

The first thing that stands out is the band's name. While Sapphires in the Mud is not an attractive title, the story behind it makes it more so. It originates from a textbook for an Existentialism course taken by a member at McGill, in which Friedrich Nietzsche's writing was compared to sapphires in the mud. Meaning, if read superficially, Nietzsche may seem obscure, but if time is taken to delve into it, a greater depth of knowledge can be uncovered. Similarly, the band is challenging the public to realize the depth of their own talent.

The second thing to notice is the band's juxtaposition of styles. They combine elements of "blues, funk, folk, soul... a little bit of everything", according to bassist Mark Davies. This is due to the diversity of personal taste within the band.

Singer Layla Mouammar states, "I have a problem categorizing the band myself because we all have different musical influences." These range all the way from Trip Hop to Peter Gabriel. Even with the various elements they incorporate, their music is not choppy and is far from overpowering; they manage to blend their influences in a way which produces a soft and soothing sound.

The song writing is also a combination of different styles. The majority of the songs have been written in teams of two or three, with each member bringing their own personality to the music.

Ed Wilson, in addition to being the acoustic guitarist, writes about images often referring to

nature. Songs like "Deliver Me" offer images which are open to the listeners' interpretations.

Mouammar, on the other hand, is very definite with her objectives. In "A Subaltern Speaks", she clearly articulates her anger against people who don't listen to her: "I

have a voice / sometimes you try to act like it's not there."

Franco Agar, the electric guitarist, adds a darker, somewhat disturbing side to the lyrics. In "Thirteen", he writes: "my bleeding heart's a raging sea." By fusing together the band members' diverse writing styles, the result is a demonstration of multi-dimensional thought.

The band's musical and lyrical exploration on ... *the Sighs of*

the Sky is conducive to its appearance in widespread domains. These include various record

stores, concert venues, and a possible upcoming tour of Québec, Ontario and Dartmouth College in New Hampshire.

Clearly, Sapphires in the Mud have grown to become a serious endeavour.

"In a way, it has taken over all of our lives", says Davies.

And it will continue to do so, judging from the group's enthusiasm over ... *the Sighs of the Sky*.

Sapphires in the Mud is opening for the band One, November 8 at Gert's.



BODIES, REST AND MOTION

Player's Theatre has a pulse

by mike cullen

With their newest production, Player's Theatre demonstrates that the best people to gauge the state of youth are young people themselves. In their translation of *Bodies, Rest and Motion*, Player's manages to dredge up a performance that is striking and alive while dealing with the timeless issues of reality, relationships and human agency.

This isn't to say that only young people have to deal with these issues, but that they often represent a turning point for young adults. *Bodies, Rest and Motion* succeeds in personifying the struggles of this group in a way that is earnest and believable.

Each character moves from a position that they believed to be static to a reversal or significant change in their life. For ex-

ample, a change of life circumstance or relationship — changes that shake preconceived notions of stability and permanence.

One of these characters, Sid the painter, is exemplary in this regard. Confident and comfortable in Enfield, Connecticut where he's lived all his life, Sid realises that the status quo is tantamount to failure. Never searching for more than what is in his limited grasp, his predicament reflects the reticence of all human beings to accept the need for change.

The play also deals with the substance of human relations, such as the place for superficialities in life — drugs, television and alcohol. Are these really social lubricants or are they barriers to real interaction?

Bodies, Rest and Motion attempts to frame these questions

in situational terms that are easy to grasp.

The irrepressible television is a highly visible prop of not only substance but moral and social issues. Colour, or black and white — which is more substantive or essential for communication of ideas, becomes a point of contention. Not that it is important in itself, but that it is indifferent and non-conscious. Objects are what people attribute to them.

Thus, the values attached to objects and belongings is a running commentary throughout a significant portion of the play. Theft, sentimental value, emotions and memories are attributes that people see in their belongings and those of others.

"What is this shit worth?" says the character Beth in reference to her belongings for sale. This begs for the more precise

question of: what is it worth to you or to someone else?

Beth gets her answer as she sells the kit and kaboodle for a price that seems ridiculously high to her but a bargain to the purchaser. The emotional baggage attached to the belongings have devalued their worth below what may be market value for others.

Clearly, *Bodies, Rest and Motion* shows that the trappings of late twentieth century culture aren't the main influencing factors of life after all. The real agents of change and direction are individuals and their interactions with other superficially different but essentially similar people.

Bodies, Rest and Motion plays through to November 9 at Player's Theatre, Shatner building, third floor.

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.60 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.05 per day. General Public: \$5.75 per day, or \$4.90 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST (7%) or PST (6.5%). Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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Friday, October 25, 18:00
"A Class to Remember"
(Gakko) 1993 Directed by Yoji Yamada (125 min)

Friday, November 1, 18:00
"Turning Point"
(Onna Zakari) 1995
Directed by Nobuyuki Obayashi (110 min)

Sunday, November 3, 13:00
"Winds of God"
(Winds of God) 1995 Directed by Yoko Narahashi (98 min)
(Entry in last year's Mtl. International Film Festival)

Thursday, November 7, 20:00
"119"
(119) 1994 Directed by Naoto Takenaka (115 min)

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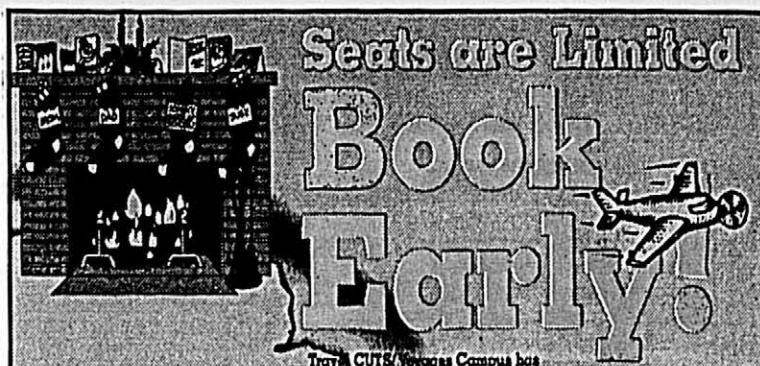
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FALL REFERENDUM

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, November 5, 6, 7



Polling Locations and Times

Locations	Tuesday, Nov. 5	Wednesday, Nov. 6	Thursday, Nov. 7
1. Shatner ♿	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
2. McLennan	10:00-5:00	10:30-8:00	10:00-5:00
3. Burnside	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
4. Leacock	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
5. Arts	10:00-2:30	10:30-3:30	10:00-2:30
6. Rutherford Physics	10:00-2:30	10:30-3:30	10:00-2:30
7. McConnell Engineering	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
8. BMH	11:30-2:30 & 4:30-7:00	11:30-2:30 & 4:30-7:00	11:30-2:30
9. RVC	11:30-2:30 & 4:30-7:00	11:30-2:30 & 4:30-7:00	11:30-2:30
10. Chancellor Day Hall	•	10:30-3:30	•
11. Stewart Bio	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
12. Brontman	10:00-5:00	10:30-5:30	10:00-5:00
13. Strathcona Music Building	•	10:30-5:30	•
14. Education	•	10:30-3:30	10:00-2:30

Advance Polls are in Shatner, McLennan and Burnside on Friday, November 1st from 10:30 am-3:30 pm.